

The Bell Ringer

VOL. 35, NO. 4

MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

JUNE 2, 1979

Father-Son Banquet

By Rick Seay

By 6:30 on April 9, hordes of MBA students accompanied by their fathers began to pour into the gymnasium, and the annual Father-Son Banquet was underway. Approximately 455 fathers and sons, along with members of the faculty and the Board of Trust, sat down to a dinner of charbroils and chicken, catered by Belle Meade Cafeteria. After the meal, the MBA chorus performed a selection of various songs and did well, despite the grim forebodings of director Gerald Arthur.

Following the chorus, Mr. R.G. Calton, 1978-79 president of the Fathers' Club, conducted the business portion of the meeting, which consisted of the unanimous election of Mr. Earl Beasley as 1979-80 president and Mr. George Smith as next year's vice-president. Mr. Hale Hooper was elected secretary - treasurer. Other action included a \$5.00 increase of dues, bringing next year's membership fee to \$15. The business being over, Mr.

Calton introduced Mr. John Sloan, chairman of Montgomery Bell's Board of Trust. Mr. Sloan made a short speech, calling the day one for endings and beginnings, since Mr. Carter's funeral had been held that day and Mr. Gordon Bondurant made his first appearance on the Hill as the new headmaster. Mr. Sloan introduced Mr. Bondurant by citing his educational record and his fine accomplishments as both instructor and administrator. With rousing applause, Mr. Bondurant began to speak.

For his text, Mr. Bondurant employed the first few pages of Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, a novel dealing with the failures and ultimate success of a seagull to fly freely. Mr. Bondurant defined his conception of "freedom" and went on to define his views on what education should entail. His speech was so moving that he received a standing ovation upon finishing. The Banquet was over for another year, but the speech and speaker will not soon be forgotten.



Mr. Gordon Bondurant addresses an eager crowd at the Father/Son Banquet.

Photo by B. Galloway

Junior-Senior Prom

By Eric Fenichel

Under the leadership of Philip Altenbern, this year's Junior class staged a highly successful Prom on May 5. Each year the Junior class plans a Spring Prom for the Seniors. The Juniors conduct all stages of the dance from finding a band to building the backdrop for Presentation. This year was no exception as the Juniors started early with various fund raisers to finance the elaborate event. The major fundraiser was a candy bar sale, which netted the majority of the cost for the dance.

The backdrop was a Medieval Castle, complete with towers and an authentic draw bridge. The entire Senior class as well as Junior and Sophomore class officers were presented as they and their dates crossed the draw bridge and traversed the red carpet. There was only one security slip as Scott Mercy

eased gently out of the castle sans pantalon.

The dance began immediately after Presentation even though many of the Seniors left to eat dinner. The band for the dance was Medusa. The original band, Ruccus, had canceled shortly before the event, but the new band was quickly signed. Most students felt that the band was good even though they were pretty ugly. Undoubtedly, the most skilled dancers were Bill Bomar and his date, who overshadowed even "Disco" Jay Dembsky on the dance floor.

The Dance ended shortly after midnight and everyone changed into more casual clothes for the Breakfast. Each class held its own Breakfast at a students house, and they gave everyone a chance to relax with their dates or socialize after the long night at the Prom. The highlight of the Senior Class Breakfasts was when Uncle Kevin Holland broke

out his book of funny jokes and riddles and entertained a somewhat "easily amused" crowd.

As the Breakfasts came to a close, couples either called it a night and went home or decided to watch the sun come up.

The Senior Class and the rest of the Student Body is deeply grateful for the hard work of the Junior Class as well as that of Dr. Crowell and Mr. Drake. Each year, Dr. Crowell spends much of his free time helping the Juniors organize the Prom and build the backdrop. Mr. Drake once again served as Master of Ceremonies in addition to chaperoning for most of the Prom and giving the Juniors what assistance he could. The hard work of everyone involved proved rewarding, for the Prom was one of the most successful and enjoyable yet. Next year, the Juniors will be able to sit back as their underclassmen continue the tradition once again.

Class Officers for 1979-1980

STUDENT COUNCIL:

President - Philip Altenbern
Vice-President - Rusty McDonald
Secretary - Owen Lipscomb
Treasurer - Russell Regen

HONOR COUNCIL:

President - Randy Henderson
Vice-President - Chris Whitson
Secretary - Bob Calton
Treasurer - Greg Stroup

JUNIOR CLASS:

President - Hartley Hall
Vice-President - Don Brothers
Secretary - Anderson Spickard
Treasurer - Johnny Wagster

Honor Council Representatives:

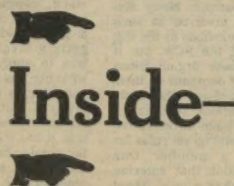
Scott Tune
Steve Hines
Mark Daniel

SOPHOMORE CLASS:

President - Mark Hastings
Vice-President - Alley Fugua
Secretary - Rich Good
Treasurer - David Edwards

Honor Council Representatives:

Steve Anderson
Mabo Kono



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Open Letter To The Student Body

In reflecting upon the year's activities as they have involved the Honor Council, I think that the year has served to prove the continuing viability and effectiveness of an honor system administered by members of the student body.

Certainly the year has not been easy, but I feel that it has been a success. The Honor Council has tried more cases this year than in previous years. No one is more aware of this fact than the members of the Council, who at times have had to attend meetings on a daily basis for two and three weeks at a time. However, I cannot agree with those who maintain that the numerous cases are an indication of a decreasing student support of the Honor System. It is hardly sensible to rationalize an increased case load by simply assuming

that more students are cheating. I believe that the number of cases is the result of a keener sense of responsibility among the students, particularly with regard to students who have shouldered the difficult responsibility of turning in violators of the Honor System. Inasmuch as the success of any honor system is contingent upon the support of its founders, this year the Honor System has grown stronger in preserving the honor and integrity of the school.

Equally important to strong student support has been the tremendous cooperation shown by the faculty and the headmaster. In an institution such as MBA, student support alone cannot insure the effectiveness of the Honor System, and this year the entire administration has been very helpful to the Council. My greatest hope for next year's

officers is that they will enjoy the same benefits of strong support from the administration.

Finally, I feel that none of the year's progress would have been achieved without the determination and efforts of the other members of the Honor Council. In particular, the other officers (Craig Stewart, Trey Alford, and Danny Todd) continually showed leadership and a willingness for hard work. Certainly, they made my job much easier.

In closing, let me express my best wishes for next year's officers and my gratitude to the students and the administration for all of their help.

Sincerely,

Bruce Campbell

Bruce Campbell
President of the Honor Council

THE BELL RINGER

Editor-in-Chief.....Tom Groomes
Assistant Editor.....Bill Galloway
News & Features Editor.....Rick Seay
Asst. News & Features Editor...Warren Coleman
Sports Editor.....Mark Frost
Asst. Sports Editor.....Tim Warnock
Arts Editor.....Tad Wert
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Contributors:

Tim Ayers, Bruce Campbell, Lorne Eisen, Eric Fenichel, Gary Guttman, Barry Heller, Robert Jones, Mark Smith, Tom Wood, Jeff Zager.

Editorial

By Rick Seay

As I look back over my six years at Montgomery Bell Academy, I have extremely mixed feelings. On the one hand, I feel a sense of deep gratification at having made so many wonderful acquaintances, having learned so much about life and about myself, and having been given the chance to be involved in so much. On the other hand, I feel distressed about the seeming lack of concern for the school exhibited by many of its students. During the past six years, much has changed at MBA, often for the worst.

Many clubs and organizations have completely disappeared from the campus. These past years have witnessed the demise of at least eight clubs and classes. These now defunct organizations include Ephesians 2:8, the Gourmet Club, the Checker Club, and the Fishing Club of two years ago. Even an organized athletic team like the Swim Club has lost its function. Two important classes, Journalism and Music Appreciation, have followed the route of the above-mentioned clubs also. One especially shocking loss is that of *Xanadu*, the literary magazine which had such noble goals at its inception seven years ago. Obviously, MBA has lost some needed quality to keep these organizations running.

Several events, however, have come and stayed; but there is a definite reason for their staying. The Prom began three years ago. It is a way for boys to take their dates out in "dress-up" and to have a good time through a school function. In the same way, the increased number of dances seen in the past two years reflects this same principle. Many students do get involved in such gigantic organizations as the Big Red Club and the FCA, but it seems that these organizations make the least demands on their members than of any other club. Other organizations, such as the Service Club, have an exclusive membership with no set rules for inclusion as a member. One might even think that entering this club requires a good friend "on the inside."

In addition to a lack of partici-

pation in active organizations, there is also a severe lack of support for other students and the school in general. This fact is witnessed by decreased attendance at athletic events such as basketball and football, once the mainstay of MBA's glory. Likewise, the drama club, which spends countless hours every year preparing for a play, is almost forced to stop productions completely because of lack of support. This year's play, *The Fantasticks*, which ran for two nights, took in only three to four hundred dollars and put the club into heavy debt. Even the recent talent show, in which many students participated, took in only three hundred dollars with two hundred people in attendance. Not only has school support suffered, but also the school itself has suffered greatly this year. There has been a drastically increased number of vandalism cases at MBA this year. Windows have been broken, the yard has been torn up, and eggs have been strewn throughout Wallace all in a terribly juvenile act. It is to be hoped that these actions are not the result of students' actions; but nevertheless, the deeds have taken place.

What causes the lethargic, passive spirit in Montgomery Bell Academy's students? One possible answer is that boys fail to understand what education really entails. Too many students both good and bad, ask: "What can the school do for me? I owe it nothing." This is the wrong attitude to take. If a student wishes that MBA be superior in any way to other schools, he must be willing to work to make it so. Education is not doing homework, coughing back up the information on tests, and getting a grade. Education, rather, is getting involved and learning how to apply oneself by using what one has learned from every endeavor in which he has been involved. Although MBA is so fortunate to be rated as highly as it is, it has the potential to reach far greater heights of excellence if only its students will work together for the glory of the school rather than expecting the school to work solely for them.

Senior College Choices

Vanderbilt Trey Alford Bill Bomar Bruce Campbell David Duke Ross Evans Mark Frost Tom Groomes Chuck Huddleston Bobby Johnson Eric Killinger Jeff Orr Scott Riegler Karl Schnelle Rick Seay Will Sensing Jim Shaw Tom Stumb Tad Wert Kelly Woodroof Jeff Zager	University of Virginia David Fox Bobby Levy Craig Stewart Danny Todd	Texas Tech Andy Massey
	Duke Porter Durham Eric Fenichel Howie King	University of Alabama Scott Kennedy
	Southwestern Richard Bird Mike Moyers Mark Nelson	University of Arizona Lorne Eisen
	Princeton Erich Groos John Ingram	University of Denver Scott Mercy
University of Tennessee Mike Corbin Benny Couch Gordon Dickerson Bobby Huddleston Bill Mays George McLaughlin Tom Rose Troy Turner	University of Pennsylvania Jay Dembsky Gary Guttman	University of Georgia Dan Hannon
	Columbia David Lyle	University of Mississippi David Templeton
	David Lipscomb Terry Thornton	
Auburn Bob Dale Ashley Hill Preston Morgan Tom O'Connor Jim Poteet Flem Smith Steve Wood	Furman Allen Cragon	University of North Carolina Lynch Bennett
	Georgia Tech Bennett White	University in Sweden John Beasley
	L.S.U. Chris Crow	Undecided Jody Johnson Chris Keaton Mark Levan Johnny Russell Richard Smith Woody Turner Bob Watson
University of the South Cos Davis Lawson Fort Russ Freeman Kevin Holland	Rice David Thistlethwaite	

February Trip To Washington Enjoyed By All

By Jeff Zager and Lorne Eisen

On the weekend of February 22-25 ten MBA students ventured to snowbound Washington to enjoy various highlights of the city. After a three-hour wait in the glamorous Nashville airport, we headed by plane to Washington. Since we arrived at midnight, several cabbies took it upon themselves to take advantage of the naive Nashville tourists; for four dollars each, we were taken to the cleaners, then to our hotel. After the initial shock of the past few hours, we were relieved to reach our rooms and find a fully stocked bar awaiting us.

We all woke early the next morning as President Carter was awaiting our arrival at his home to give us a personal tour. Upon reaching the White House, we were disappointed to learn that the president was unable to conduct our tour and had therefore sent one of his top guides to meet us. Following our White House tour, we waded through the slush to meet with MBA alumnus Congressman Robin Beard. Our casual meeting and photo session with the congressman proved to be very interesting. Next, we dodged the lines of tractors along Pennsylvania Ave. in an effort to reach the FBI Building on time. During our private tour, we were shown the inner workings of the investigative branch of the government, including a live firearms demonstration. We ended the afternoon with a brief meeting with Senator Howard Baker and an exclusive

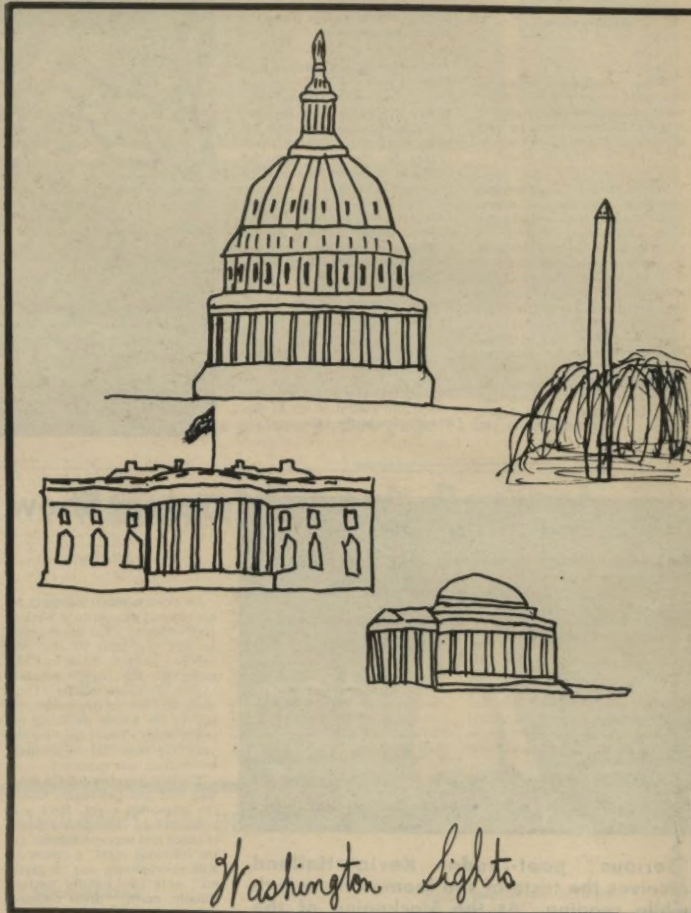
tour of the floor of the Senate Chambers by one of his aides. That evening, we battled rain and high winds to reach Ford's Theatre where we viewed the musical production "Storyville."

The second day was spent touring certain of Washington's finest museums. First on the list was the Aero-Space Museum. After a brief movie, we walked through the museum and viewed the progression of American aviation via exhibits ranging from early balloons to the latest rockets. The remainder of the day was devoted to touring the National Gallery and the new East Wing with our special guide Mrs. LeQuire. We prepared once again to endure the rain as we journeyed to the Kennedy Center to see the English comedy "Bedroom Farce." The only member of the group to arrive at the theater with a dry head was the well-prepared Bruce Campbell wearing his stylish white plastic shower cap.

On the final day of the trip, everyone was on his own. While many chose to spend the entire day within the museums of the Smithsonian, others ventured to the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. That afternoon some not-so-naive Nashville tourists returned to the Washington airport without stopping at the cleaners.

It was not until we arrived home that we were fully able to appreciate all that we had seen during the past three days.

Thanks to our special chaperones: Mr. Poston and Mrs. LeQuire.



Smith and Friends Have "Interesting" Florida Stay

By Mark Smith

During spring vacation, Woody Turner, Scott Moore, and I traveled almost 2700 miles through Florida, roughly following the coastline as we camped and stayed with friends along the way. After piling luggage, cooler, tent, and three people into a Rabbit diesel, we headed south.

The trip on Friday to Destin, Fla., was relatively uneventful. General euphoria accompanied the thought that we had gained a week's parole from school that would be spent in Florida. Traveling through mostly rural areas we noticed a sign at a tavern in Ardmore, Tenn. Riding to the unusual but pleasing combination of Michael Murphey, ELP, and Neil Young, we arrived in Destin late Friday afternoon, stopping only once for gas. Pitching the tent only thirty yards from the beach, we spent a relaxing night walking on the beach and sleeping to the roar of the waves.

After spending Saturday morning on the beach, we left the relatively undeveloped surroundings of Destin and arrived in the commercial giant of Panama City, where we spent the weekend with some Nashville

friends who were renting a beachside condominium. Saturday and Sunday passed quickly as we spent our time unwinding, soaking up some rays and throwing Frisbee on the beach. We met an Army jock on Saturday named Paul, who suggested a party on the beach—we got the word, he lit the fire. While we sat around the fire talking with old friends about old times, Paul's motives became singularly apparent—to "put the make on" the girls with whom we were staying. Anyway, when I woke up the next morning, my shoes which I had absent-mindedly left on the beach were nowhere in sight. I suspected Paul.

In search of warmer weather, we headed south again on Monday morning. We continued to see signs every five miles advertising what must be Florida's three main commodities: bear, bait, diesel. Entering Busch Gardens in Tampa by somewhat less than ethical means, we visited the hospitality house, where we were treated quite hospitably. Finding no place suitable for a tent, we continued on to Naples. When in Naples, don't look for a motel room or much less a tent site. That's what we were crazy enough to do for two hours at midnight. All the motels had "no

vacancy" signs. After finally finding a motel room, we woke up the manager, decided thirty dollars for a single bed was too much, and left. After almost deciding to sleep in the car, we finally found a campsite and crawled into our sleeping bags, weary after fourteen hours on the road.

Spending Tuesday morning on shell-filled Vanderbilt Beach, we drove to Miami that afternoon in the 90 degree heat of Alligator Alley, where you're literally lucky to get out alive. Stretching 100 miles from Naples to Ft. Lauderdale, the Alley has no stores, no gas stations—nothing but wilderness. When we finally "escaped" from the Alley, we gulped down water from a toll station fountain until we realized how bad it tasted, which prompted us to spit it out. It was only at a nearby orange grove where we each drank a quart of cold orange juice that our thirst was quenched. We then drove on to Miami, where we would stay with relatives for two days.

We drove down to the Keys on Wednesday and caught a deep sea fishing boat for ten dollars apiece at Key Largo. Envisioning ourselves reeling in all sorts of fish, we were somewhat hacked off to catch only two snapper among us. However, catching the no-so-"cool" ocean breeze blowing down through the keys on the appropriately named "party boat" and observing the light green waters change to deep blue made it all worthwhile. Returning to shore four hours later and somewhat more sunburnt, we continued driving until Marathon, roughly the halfway point between Key Largo and Key West.

Spending Wednesday night with Scott's cousin, it was interesting to compare the lives of Miami teenagers with those of Nashville teenagers. Some Miami schools have up to seventy or eighty percent Cuban enrollment, with teenagers having a much broader cross-section of friends. On a typical night, a Miami teenager might meet his friends at the Kwik-Sak (the neighborhood hangout), play football at a

nearby favorite spot, throw Frisbee in the park, and have a party on the beach.

On Thursday, we at last began to drive north again, going up the eastern coast to Port Canaveral, just above Cocoa Beach. At a county park where we received some unexpected hassle when we tried to set up our tent. After halfway convincing the ranger that we weren't Australian runaways, he was generous enough to let us stay in the park. Still somewhat dubious, the ranger told us that if we were the runaways to call home immediately. Sure thing. We did, however, meet some interesting people who were camping near us. Four "rock relics" who had seen Joplin, Hendrix, and Woodstock had been staying at the park for about a month. We exchanged stories and pasts, feeling the camaraderie that exists among campers everywhere.

We left Florida for good on Friday with my wallet containing only two dollars.

Ridley Art Exhibit

By Barry Heller

Using, a technique known as repousse, Gregory Ridley hammers and presses the reverse of a metal to create striking and compelling figures which seem to represent the prophets of old.

Ridley, born in Tennessee, is internationally known as a professor, painter, and sculptor. He lives with his wife and six children in Nashville where he is the assistant professor of art at Fisk University. After receiving an education at Fisk and the University of Louisville, Mr. Ridley began showing exhibits in 1966 and continues to do so today. He has spoken many times at many colleges on topics such as art history, art education, art appreciation, and Afro-American art. Mr. Ridley's main topic, though, is the technique of re-

pousse' which he has perfected during his career.

An impressive exhibit of Mr. Ridley's work has finally reached through the art department. Mr. Ridley illustrates his many faceted talent in works of marble, oil paint, and bronze. Nothing better speaks for the artist than the repousse' in bronze. Starry-eyed fierce, and mystical all describe the goat like faces which Mr. Ridley creates. The faces seem to express human emotion to the extreme. With beady eyes, the faces grasp for something which is hidden and can't be found. The

figures want to cry out to the viewer but can't find the words. Two works of mention which are not repousse' are the marble sculpture "Silent" and the oil painting "Mask". Each represents an idea of the abstract. The rest of the exhibit is left to the imagination of the observer.



B. Galloway



"Serious" poet-reader Kevin Holland receives the taste of sea foam in his mouth while reading "At the Slackening of the Tide."

B. Galloway

Students Aid Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy

by Gary Guttman

During the first weekend in March, the students of Montgomery Bell Academy joined forces to help the fight against muscular dystrophy. The Student Council, under the leadership of Gary Guttman, Eric Fenichel, and Erich Groos, conducted a series of fundraisers to combat the dreaded disease.

On March 1, over 350 students paid one dollar to wear whatever they wanted to school. The dress for Duds Day ranged from a toga to pajamas to old-fashioned blue jeans and tennis shoes. Television Five filmed the day's events and gave the entire week's activities community publicity.

Throughout the week, an Ugly Man-on-Campus contest was conducted. Though only fifty dollars was raised, this contest

proved to be the most interesting event of the week, as a fierce race developed between Mark Frost and Jim Poteet. The lead changed hands several times, but when the final amounts were counted, Jim Poteet edged Mark out by \$1.01.

The week ended with a dance on Saturday night sponsored by WLAC radio. One hundred ten couples attended and raised seven hundred dollars.

Overall, the week was a total success. Not only did the students find that they could have fun helping a worthy cause, but they also raised approximately \$1200, the third largest amount raised by a Nashville school. It is hoped that similar events will occur in future years and that the students will continue to realize their responsibility to the Nashville community.

Talent Show Proves Valuable for Seniors

By Rick Seay

On Friday, May 11, around 200 brave souls showed up in Wallace Hall to watch what promised to be the highlight of the 1979 theatre season. This was the night of the well-planned, thoroughly ready senior talent show. Announced two weeks earlier to the school as being the senior class's fund-raiser for the year, the show did surprisingly better than was expected.

The first practice for the show was held just two nights before the scheduled event. Here was witnessed an incredible amount of chaos and unpreparedness. On the following night, a rehearsal with microphones and "organized" acts ran hardly better. Finally, during "dress rehearsal" on Friday afternoon, two

hours before the scheduled performance, acts began to fall into place although transitions were still running unsure and shaky.

The curtain went up at 7:30 on the act of Trelvis and the Dixie Fliers. Following came a "serious" poetry reading by Kevin Holland, assisted by Scott Riegle. After a musical interlude provided by David Sherman and Erich Groos, the long-expected MBA Rockettes took the stage to the cries of most of the audience. Next, the Ignoroids showed the auditorium how not to make chocolate milk and eat crackers and were followed by the twin acts of Dave and Bruce, Bruce and Dave. Interspersed between acts were Rob Daugherty's hilariously funny impersonations of Mrs. Hollins, Mrs. LeQuire, and Mr. Caldwell. Emceeding for the evening were Erich Groos and

Craig Stewart, who carried on a constant repartee with the judges Kevin Harkey, Ron Medlin, and John Reed, former teachers at MBA.

Certainly, the show had to be counted as a successful venture. The Senior Class raised around \$300 (although some of that sum will have to go towards having the whipped-cream-stained curtains leaned). Prizes went to first place winner Rob Daugherty, second place winner Trelvis and the Dixie Fliers, and third place winners Dave and Bruce, Bruce and Dave. "Thanks" go to all those who worked so hard on the evening, including Chris Crow, Roger Peek, Mark Kaplan, and Troy Turner; very special thanks is owed to Erich Groos who worked tirelessly to make the evening a success.



Dave and Bruce, Bruce and Dave entertained with bluegrass music.

B. Galloway

SCIENCE FAIR

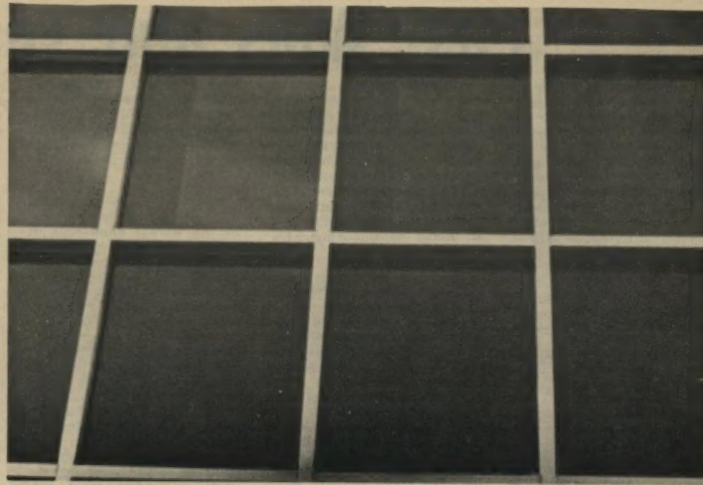
By Tom Groomes

Saturday, April 7, marked MBA's fourth annual science fair. Rows and rows of exciting and interesting projects filled the gymnasium. Projects ranged from general science to chemistry and physics. The workings of a dam and the growth of plants affected by different lights, music, or alcohol were again popular this year. Projects answered those all important questions: "Beer, Friend or Foe?" and "Artificial Insemination in Cattle. Why?". Spectators of this gala affair were able to see the formation of a chicken and the internal organs of a cat. Some projects made such astounding discoveries as the fact that blood types are hereditary.

Each project had an art form on the back of its set-up. The art work ranged from the Declaration of Independence, to comic strip characters, to posters of Farah Fawcett-Majors. With so many interesting projects, the judges had a hard time deciding the winner of the ever-popular Mad Scientist Award.

Science Fair Winners

PHYSICS (43 projects)
1st: The Half-Life of Ba-137m and Pr 231-Donald Fairbairn.
2nd: Holography-Bobby Johnson.
3rd: The Interaction of Standing Waves-David Fox.
3rd: A Demonstration of Schlieren and Direct Shadow-Randy Henderson.
PHYSICAL SCIENCE (49 projects)
1st: Building a Phonograph-David Edwards.
2nd: A Black Hole and Its Properties-Kelly Shackelford.
3rd: The Effects of Loud Music on Concentration-Barry Street.
CHEMISTRY (65 projects)
1st: The Effect of Temperature and Dilution on the Hydrolysis of Sucrose-Montie Davis.
2nd: The Content and Fatty Acid Composition of Various Cooking Oils-David Sherman.
2nd: Turning Garbage into Gas-David Briley.
3rd: Vitamin C and Its Potency-Gary Guttman.
MICROBIOLOGY (21 projects)
1st: The Effects of Antibiotics on Thrush (Candida Albicans)-Matt Cassell.
2nd: Oparins Hypothesis: The Origin of Life-Bill Claumch.
3rd: Synthetic Genes-Tad Wert.



Guess what this picture is. See page 11 for answer.

Plans For Next Year's Student and Honor Councils

by Bill Galloway

Phillip Altenbern and Randy Henderson were recently elected presidents of the Student Council and Honor Council, respectively. Phillip has several plans for next year. He first wishes to find some room where privileged students can go during study halls. So far, the trophy room has failed in this capacity. Phillip gives three alternatives. The first is to have a student lounge in the lobby of the gymnasium with a ping-pong table and a stereo. This room would be for all students. The second alternative is to carpet and panel part of the attic of the Ball building and add a stereo (with faculty approval, of course). This would be exclusively for seniors, as would be the last option, which is a small room somewhere on campus with a stereo, maybe a television and small refrigerator. The first two options were submitted by Dr.

Crowell. Phillip plans to fight for a junior season off, if those who plan to participate in a varsity sport the next season agree to stay in shape. He also plans to reorganize and begin the Gourmet Committee again. The president also wishes to continue and expand programs with Harpeth Hall.

Randy Henderson and Chris Whitson, the vice-president of the Honor Council, hope to continue Bruce Campbell's strict enforcement of the Honor code in addition to improving details of administration. They hope to eliminate thefts in the locker rooms and to better inform the Junior School of the workings of the Honor Council. Another problem that Randy and Chris hope to eliminate is talking about tests to members of other classes between the tests, since this has become a major problem this year. All in all, MBA can look forward to excellent leadership in this most crucial year to come.

National French Contest Winners

by Bill Galloway

Once again, MBA students excelled in the AATF National French contest. Early this spring, the best of Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Hollins' French students took a test consisting of both an oral and a written section. In the region, composed of eight states, Montie Davis and

Bobby Khan placed fifth and sixth in level IIA. In level IIB, Mark Ferguson and Steve Hall tied for fourth place, while Bill Galloway and Randy Henderson took third and sixth place in level IIIB. In level IV, Rick Seay placed first; Karl Schnelle and David Lyle placed fifth and sixth. In the entire nation, Montie Davis placed seventh in level IIA; Bill

Galloway placed sixth in level IIIB, and Rick Seay placed second in level IV. It is a tribute to the French department at MBA and especially to the students involved that our students do so consistently well in this measure of achievement and ability. MBA can look forward to even greater success in the years to come.

New Staffs For BELL and BELL RINGER Announced

THE BELL

Editors-in-Chief
Managing Editor
Features Editor
Sports Editor
Photography Editor
Business Editor
Copy Editor

Randy Henderson, Josh May
Mark Kaplan
David Puett
Owen Lipscomb
Steve Hall
Dave Peterseim
Jim Mayers

THE BELL RINGER

Editors-in-Chief
Features Editor
Sports Editor
Art Editor

George Cate, Bill Galloway
Warren Coleman
Tim Warnock
Barry Heller

Best For Books and School Supplies

MILLS BOOK STORES

Belle Meade Plaza
100 Oaks
Hillsboro Village
100 Oaks Open Nights
Til 9:30
Sundays 1 to 6

Belle Meade Barber Shop
Five Barbers to Serve You
Styling or Regular Cut
Ralph Dishmen—Owner

Caldwell Shell Service
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615-385-2900
Suite 1414
One Commerce Place • Nashville, Tenn. 37239
615-354-7900

1714
21st Ave.
South
HILLSBORO
383-6361
4055
Hillsboro
Road
GREEN HILLS
298-4878

Belmont MEN'S SHOP LTD.
Established 1951

Last Wills and Testaments

I, TREY ALFORD, being of exhausted mind, broken spirit, and lazy body, do hereby bequeath my defensive end position to Randy Henderson (may he and Coach Owen live happily ever after); my unique pole vault ability and infamous track-practice evasion tactics to Doug Derryberry; a 110 lb. set of weights and a one-gallon bottle of Cover-Girl tan body pigmentation to Bill Galloway; my vice squad tendencies to Galen Gentry; a bottle of Bacardi to Garrett Fulton; my five years' practice at getting out of Latin homework to Chris Whitson; a BSAPASAWDF-Dip To Russell Regen; and, last, all my metaphysical realities to the cleansing waters of the creek.

I, JOHN BEASLEY, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave to Jody Lentz the ability to be excused from athletics nine times out of eight; to Earl Beasley a great name and somewhat less great reputation; to Mr. Caldwell a wish for a happy marriage, provided he can get a date; to Art Hancock and Josh May combat boots for French IV; and to Montgomery Bell Academy my devoted appreciation.

I, LYNCH BENNETT, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Chuck Huddleston, I leave his red 6-inch ruler; to Art Hancock, I leave a lifetime pass to the Station Inn; to Andy Gill, I leave the hard-to-find book *Tan Body Pigmenting Things to Do and See in Destin, Fla.*; to Jim Shaw and Chuck Huddleston, I leave 2 one-way tickets to Louisville; to Dr. Skena, I leave a list of ways to spend lab periods and the book *50 Ways to Get to the Elusive Gulf Labs*; I leave AP Biology to anyone who needs it; to Allen at Furman, I leave a lightbulb at which to stare; to Shaw, I leave a gold-plated hammer and some taste in women; to Kelly Woodroof, I leave a non-terry-cloth shirt; I leave next year's trophy room to Harris Hatcher.

I, RICHARD BIRD, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave.

I, BILL BOMAR, being of sound body and drained mind, gladly leave MBA. Having few possessions, I leave to Rusty Mac a drunken stupor; to Jim Griscom a very unselfish center position, and also one (1) pep rally to screw up; to Ricky Bowers my parking spot at the top of the driveway; to Tom Moore a hosepipe in the shower; to Pack his stupid fist signs; to Mike Johnson my frequent seat on the bench; to Mr. Gideon a dictionary with an extensive pronunciation key; to the Mentor one empty uniform and 30 points to use against Pearl in next year's district tourney; and, finally, I leave the name "Cap" ringing through the gym to whoever wants it.

I, W. BRUCE CAMPBELL, have decided that I am not really leaving MBA anything; rather, I am taking MBA with me.

I, MIKE CORBIN, being of sound mind and body, leave: MBA with hope for finding a decent demerit system—here's to no D's; Kevin Smith a Bic Pen; Mr. Poston an 8x10 of Chris Crow; Jody Lentz a Vocabulary Book so he can say something else besides A—E; Matt Nicks my honorable "Math" title; and M. "Hutch" napkins to match his pants.

I, FRANK BENJAMIN COUCH, III, not sure of my present state of mind and body, request that, henceforward, David Sherman use his own vehicle to bash in Coach Williams' car door.

I, ALLEN CRAGON, being of sound (?) mind and body, do hereby leave the Destin Connection to Matt Nicks; my spot on the team to Steve Howell; Watt without a ride; to any enterprising student my 6th period library seat (a perfect spot if one likes sleeping through study hall); Spanish IV to anyone who wants it; my obsession for Church Basketball (even on theme nights to Jim Edwards (a very dedicated scholar-athlete); my sympathy to the seventh-graders; my foolishness in cars to any future seemingly mild-mannered and sedate senior; my crooked nose I take with me so I will have something to talk about at parties; and finally, I leave after 6 long, hard years, knowing I have accomplished something, but not quite sure what that something is.

I, CHRISTIAN WILLIAM WALTER CROW, leave MBA in my '65 Chevy Truck with the Bib Boss Tires. I hereby bequeath Whitfield Hamilton \$5 to bite the head off of a live dog. I also leave Dr. Fairbairn a good joke to cry over. I leave Dr. Skena a full-expense paid trip to the Gulf Coast Laboratory. I leave Mr. Herring a dictionary of pronunciation. I leave Steve Howell my athletic ability. I leave Damon Anagnos 1 pint of olive oil, my Long Boat Key T-shirt, and a map of Czechoslovakia. I leave Adam Wieck and Scotty Wallace my love of soccer. I leave any Lauderdale-going spring vacationers my reservation at Howard Johnson's. I leave my Poston Pal's Club presidency to any deserving student. I leave Chris Hannon my seat in the back of a Ft. Lauderdale police car. To Mr. Lanier I leave my letter and plaque. I leave Kevin Smith a 1-yr. free pass to the Adult Cinema. I leave a frisbee for all upcoming trugees to throw at lunchtime. I leave MBA a double whammy, and I leave Bellevue for the bayou.

I, BOB DALE, disregarding my mind and body, leave a free lunch at Pete's Bait Shop to Whitfield "Wormbreath" Hamilton, several thoroughly flattened weather balloons and a smashed grapefruit to Dr. Cowell (Thanks Doc, they were great!) my driving skill in the rain to any cheerleader who has to go to East Bum—next fall, a copy of "Make

Friends-Act Like Steve Martin" to Chris Hill, a mobile bed in the Deli parking lot to Freddie Horton, and various things which the Bell Ringer censor wouldn't let pass to Harold DeBlanc.

I, COS DAVIS, being of sound mind and body do hereby leave all my worthy knowledge of darkroom procedure, along with all my prints that he took, to Tom Higgins. To Mr. Gaiter I leave the satisfaction that he thoroughly scrubbed another student in second year Latin. To David Sherman and the highjump I leave all those gayo memories of hitting other cars in the rear that are parked no less. To David Peterseim, whom none deserve, I leave all the misery of selling ads without the help of John Ingram. If these possessions are not priceless enough, I leave sincere gratitude to the ladies in the office and thanks to Mr. Drake, who wouldn't let me take any AP courses that I could not anyway. Without any further ado, I leave to next year's seniors another parking place on the hill of life.

I, JAY H. DEMBSKY, being of sound mind and short body, do hereby leave a copy of *The Art of Grubbing* to my protegee Dave Peterseim; to the city of Ft. Lauderdale my change and an empty bottle of Bacardi; to Mr. Hoyle a fold-away cot and a case of Dr. Pepper to enjoy during class; a sportscoat from the Toggery to Mr. Drake; to Doc Fairbairn a used tie clip which resembles a thermometer; to Doc Crowell 2 outstanding demerits to be served off by whomever; the "Disco" book to anyone who likes to be ridiculed; and, finally, I leave MBA with more knowledge but not much more common sense.

I, DAVID EDWARD DUKE, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following worldly possessions: to Chubby Jack Coombs, I leave pants that fit; Lucinda, hopes for a spot on Mr. Caldwell's All-Eternity Freshman Team; to Olive - Breath Anagnos, I leave a copy of *Gypsies: The Oppressed Minority* and another year of lack of life; to Bob Calton, I leave uncertainty about football glory, a copy of my new book *Is Your Car Accident Prone?*, and bowling pins to know and love; to next year's chemistry class, I leave a seat in the trophy room for snowbound-sick-absent teachers (circle one where appropriate) to Whitfield Hamilton, I leave worm pills, headless chickens, and a stomach pump; to Michael Salyer, I leave my weird and immature behavior; to the Brewmaster's Club, I leave my historian position and much Schmidt; to Chris Whitson, I leave broken windjammer glasses and people that eat funny and make you lose your appetite; to Mr. Lanier, I leave a map so he won't get lost on the way to school and the new-found knowledge that highways do have these things called "Rest Rooms"; to Coach Gideon, I leave respect for his iron-fist and turt-ship rule of the 2nd period study hall; and finally, to Rob Daugherty, I leave his reservations to Marlin Beach Hotel for a real fun time.

I, PORTER DURHAM, leave MBA a little older, a lot wiser, and certainly much better for the experience—I wouldn't trade it for anything.

I, LORNE EISEN, being of unsound mind and body, do hereby leave to Mr. Niemeyer a book about astronomy, with special emphasis on "The Cosmos"; to Dr. Fairbairn a copy of the *Children's Guide to Simple Addition and Subtraction*; to JDr. Crowell the spiked helmet 'and whip that he has needed all year; to Miss Seidler a special nametag for those days when no one can get it right; to Mr. Novak some cafeteria food for next year's "Internationally Famous Sludge Test"; and to anyone who loves abuse, my minority seat in 17th period history.

I, ROSS EVANS, being of disillusioned mind and alcoholic body, do hereby leave Professor Poston with an eclectic "uh". I also leave Murray and Harold with pretty fun NIL matches next year. I leave Mr. Herring a gift certificate to a beauty salon in hope that he can improve his hair style. Also I leave Mr. Edson the ability to walk out of conference room A. Last of all, I leave MBA with much respect.

I, ERIC ROSS FENICHEL, hereby bequeath the following: to Terry Cashion, a little of my greatness so that he can amount to something some day; to Paul Hirschberg, a list of 100 things he can do on a date other than double with me; to Art Hancock, my ability to get away with murder in the library without getting caught; to Dr. Fairbairn, a carton of homogeneous milk; to Mrs. Lowry, a copy of my latest book, *How I Wallpapered My Entire House with Mimeographed Sheets*; to Mr. Drake, a lifetime supply of "I'd Rather Be Right than Rudol" stickers; to Miss Seidler, a copy of *If Life is a Bowl of Cherries, What Am I Doing in Spanish IV?* By the Gay Caballeros. Finally, I leave MBA a little wiser and more mature with the ability to face new challenges and problems with an "infinite expectation of the dawn."

I, LAWSON FORT, being of sound mind and somewhat crippled body, do hereby leave the following: my mailbox affinity to Joe Davis; my soccer dribbling ability to David Puett and Jeff Robinson; my tendency to get seriously injured to David Peterseim; all my borrowed black-soul tapes to Billy Rowland and David Pack; and finally, many thanks to Coach Lanier for three great seasons.

I, DAVID FOX, do hereby leave my unsent diligence in calculus class to Doc's prospective calculus next year; all of my tossed baggage, small change, cookies, and grits here in Nashville; and the infinite humorous ethnic jokes, puns, and nicknames at MBA for UVA.

I, RUSSELL ERNEST FREEMAN, being of sound body and mind, at least at the present, do hereby bequeath the longest ride to school to Rucker Betty; one Mr. Universe body building technique book to Damon Anagnos; a discuss of reduced weight to Owen Lipscomb; one bill to AX with 50 percent interest, my uncanny ability to tell a joke to Jimmy "The Comic" Griscom; to Mr. Poston, an ink pen with the "Golden Rule" engraved on it; to all underclassmen the advice that politics is more important than decent grades (however, both help); to Dr. Crowell, a one-way ticket to a Science Fair in Siberia; and, finally, I leave the hill with my rewarding experience for a mountain.

I, MARK BRADLEY FROST ("the Killer"), being of sane mind and sound body, do hereby leave the Hill after 6 years and \$8810.00 for an MBA education sincerely appreciative to those administrators and faculty who made my stay worthwhile; and to those ever-increasing few who purposely made my stay one that I have tried to forget, I leave you with the firm belief that everything you do and have done will come back to you ten-fold—ignorance is no excuse.

I leave MBA to Tim Warnock so he can keep the misguided rich kids in their place. Warnock, who once said, "I'd never do anything like that," also inherits the privilege to be KOS whipped into condition so he won't have to fall asleep or say, "No, I can't." I leave Warnock and Wagster to maintain tradition and set an example for the Varsity Wrestlers. Finally, having bequeathed all I can and knowing that few will realize my absence, I leave to start all over except this time alone.

I, TOM GROOMES, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave: to Bill Galloway and George Cate the priceless "jewel" which should solve all their newspaper problems; to Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Hollins, one half of *La Marseillaise (Primo)*; to Dr. Fairbairn, the book *101 Ways to Figure Averages*; to Dr. Gaffney, many thanks for his greatly needed aid for the Bell Ringer; and finally, I leave MBA extremely appreciative of all the good times and advantages it has offered me.

I, ERICH GROOS, being of sound mind and body, do hereby relinquish the power invested in me by the Articles of the Student Council Constitution and leave that power to whoever inherits my position, hoping that my successor will be the first to define executive prerogative. Also, I leave various other "cute" items to appropriate underclassmen, because they need all the help they can get. Finally, I leave water to the fish, sand to the desert, air to the birds, and an all-expense-paid trip to the Gulf Coast Laboratory to Dr. Skena.

I, GARY GUTTMAN, being of crazy mind and weak body, do hereby leave to Mr. Hoyle-My Favorite Jokes; to Doc Crowell How to Judge Science Fair Projects; to Doc Fairbairn-How to Perfect the Robin Hood System of Grading and my chess and golf skills; to Paul Hirschberg-a baby carriage; to Matt Cassell-the RS, OA, and BS awards; to David Susler and Natalie Gilbert-U. of I.; to Billy Eskind-the fire at rush; to the school-Duds Day and MD week.

I, DAN HANNON, being of sound mind and somewhat sound body do hereby bequeath to Bob Calton my ability to drive in the snow; to Chris Whitson, Rusty McDonald, and Jack Coombs my ability to "get it"; and finally I leave MBA after years of hard study for a four year vacation at the University of Georgia.

I, ASHLEY HILL, leave my lake parties to Rusty McDonald; my guest bedroom to whoever needs it; my keg parties to Kevin Smith; Mary Kurtz to Bill Herbert; Jim Poteet to whoever wants to ride around with him and put up with him; and last of all, I leave laughing.

I, KEVEN GERARD HOLLAND, being of deteriorating mind and round body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Coach Gideon a book which will "eggstablish" a sound vocabulary for future "sussess"; to Dr. Crowell a 16-ton weight to drop on his head at the earliest available time; to Jack "Slim" Coombs a book on how to avoid humiliation on the beach; to Chris Hannan notes on what it takes to become FCA president; to the entire MBA baseball team a few hundred points off my batting average; to Mr. Poston's next senior English class a book entitled *How to Despise Your Teacher*; to Russell Regen my hopes for an enjoyable football season next year with all his friends; finally, I leave MBA with the hope that I never set foot on its campus again.

I, BOBBY HUDDLESTON, of no-humor-at-all mind and of grappling body, bequeath the following: to Mr. Caldwell a new guitar, new House of Pizza, and a can of beer; to Dr. Gaffney a picture of Trey Alford suitable for conversion to a dart board; to next year's football team my desire to beat Father Ryan in football; to Mr. Herring a night at Studio 54; to Mr. Gaitner my term paper, balanced room, and a pizza from Krogers; to Coach Lenahan buttered popcorn and "keep your head up"; to Coach Williams nuts and bolts, Benny Couch's truck, a stove-piped hat, and a cheesecake; to Josh May high interest rates, a road map to Goslow, and a paper sack for Chattanooga and Richard Pryor in the future; to David Molesworth the MBA tradition; to Tim Warnock the phone number of Kissy Thoni and a picture of Mark Frost; to Watt Crockett a night with Shari at Obie's, a six pack of Big Wheels, "Le Freak", champagne, and a Varsity

Wrestling Letter which he deserves; to Dave Pack Maplewood's football and basketball teams; to Kevin Duffey a universal weight machine to add muscle to his already developed muscle; to Scott Richardson Tommy Jones and a wrestler from Chattanooga Howard for wrestling practice next year; to Russ Regen a scrapbook of memories concerning Mike Moyers in Math IV class; to Billy Claunch a pair of Buck Rogers spaceman tennis shoes and a cheerleader's uniform for a "relative" of his; and I leave MBA for the rolling hills of East Tennessee. Seeing how I should take back the above bequests, and seeing how I'm a pretty nice guy, I will just have to say: "No, too bad!"

I, CHUCK HUDDLESTON, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave: to Lynch Bennett, my expired driver's license to use as an ID in college and 10 cents to buy a new ruler; to Allen Cragon, two tickets to T's disco for his new image; to Tad Wert, a ladder to help him get on the roof quickly when he is in the mood for an ambush; to Art Hancock, his first hair brush; to Dr. Skena, my new best selling novel *Things We Would Have Done on the Gulf Coast*; and, finally, to Jim Shaw (Ulysses S. Grant), a pair of glasses and an 8x10 of Tina.

I, JOHN HIRAM INGRAM, being large of mind and mouth and a slight of body, do hereby leave the following: to Christian Currey the ability to get out of regular athletics and school to ride horses; to Bob Calton my nickname of "Sporter"; to all French IV students my heavily used bottle of No-Doz; to Mr. Gideon my edition of *50 Ways to Overcome the Occasional St-St-St Stutter*; to Whitfield Hamilton all my chickens who die or are killed, for I realize that he regards their heads as a special delicacy; and to Mrs. Lowry a can of sealer to seal her door air tight so that she may yell louder, if so inspired, without disturbing any of the other classes.

I, BOBBY JOHNSON, being of sound mind and disintegrated body, do hereby leave my lumberjack membership to Art Hancock; my detailed map of all the quicker courses to next year's cross country team; my fine knees and ankles to Matt Nicks as well as a marriage license; finally a year of injury-free coaching to Mr. Drake seeing that I counted for a few years' worth of injuries.

I, JOSEPH WILSON JOHNSON, do hereby bequeath endless "ins Jours" to Aunt Ginny Hollins; a Saudi Arabian golf putter to little Hyram pipeline Ingram; nothing to Chris Currey because the spoiled sport has everything he wants; some stilts for the stubby DeBlancs to walk on; an endless supply of tickets to the Doobies John "Concert" Hollins; a dozen cancerous dead chickens for Whitfield Hamilton to chew on; a ticket to the zoo for the Monk; a

clean shirt for Bob Calton to regurgitate on; and a free pass to all Pearl activities to Nathan

"Lips" Phillips. Finally, I leave many negative thoughts to Dr. Crowell and many positive ones to Mr. Drake and the school.

I, FERRELL CHRISTOPHER KEATON, being of sound mind and potential body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Mr. Herring 17 significant results, 14 major reasons, 50 ways how the straw broke the camel's back, and a new barber. To Mr. Caldwell, I leave several "O, gee's" a few "queries," a "Hypothetical Situation" or two, three "All Well and Good's," a "but what happens if," and a new golf swing; to Mrs. Lowry, a copy of my new book, 2001: A Handout Sheet, and to Miss Seidler, my Spanish grammar book with the hopes that it will be used more effectively new year. To Morris Lewis and next year's chess team, I leave George "Hit and Run" Cheij and a pamphlet entitled "How to Get from Point A to Point N Without Help." Finally, to Mr. Drake and the school, I leave knowing that even a potential "basket case" can accomplish something in life.

I, JACK SCOTT KENNEDY, leave Jody Lentz a \$2.89 gift certificate to K and M Market; Kevin Smith permission to use Bob Bell's Market and any car that might drive up; Dave Peterseim my ID knowing that he owes me a pint of 151; Anderson Rowe my ability to party; Rob Daugherty, Jimmy Moyers, and Andy Gill, Tracy King (K.C.).

I, JOHN ERIC KILLINGER, being of unstable mind, hereby bequeath the following: to Mrs. Simmons a copy of I'm OK, You're OK; to Dr. Crowell a copy of *How to Win Friends through Intimidation* and a copy of *The Do-It-yourself Torture Methods of the Spanish Inquisition*; to David Pack a box of T's; and finally, to next year's seventh period history class with Mr. Gideon I leave a case of No-Doz.

I, HOWIE KING, being in the "senior slide", do hereby leave to Mr. Hoyle a snowmobile to use when snowbound in Ohio; to Jim Shaw an official Homer Formby autographed hammer; to Lynch Bennett a wolf lease to be used only in Rest Areas in North Carolina; to Allen Cragon an "I Love Franklin" T-shirt; to Randy Henderson all the car wash tickets I bought from him but never used; to Robert Jones my ability to be in and have my picture taken with the Chess Club and Big Red Club without paying the dues; to Harris Hatcher next year's seniors to annoy during lunch; for Frank Bennett a new bowl of haircuts since Lynch is taking his to college; and, finally, I leave MBA for new and more thrilling experiences.

I, MARK STEVEN LEVAN, do hereby leave to Ricky Bowers the MBA girl cheerleaders to do with whatever he can; to Miss Seidler a bundle of joy to take mine and Jeff Orr's place in Spanish class; an Acme Sherlock Holmes junior detective kit to Mr. Smith to help him track down campus escapees; to Doctor Crowell a giant demerit slip that he can frame and hang on the mantle over his fireplace; 2 coke bottles to Mr. Lanier in case he ever needs new

lenses for his glasses; to Mrs. Simmons a new occupation as Tennessee State Prison Security Guard; to Johnny Wagster a reinforced athletic supporter and cup to weather all the hard knocks as catcher next year; to John Hollins a long and happy life to his van so that he may carry on the traditions of partying hard.

I, ROBERT (the voileywad pro) LEVY, being of sound mind and narrow feet, do hereby bequeath the following novels to some of my most recent teachers. I leave to Dr. Fairbairn his own autobiography *Tell Me a Joke and Watch Me Cry*. I leave to Mr. Caldwell one of my favorite stories, *50 Ways to Have Fun with Chalk*. I bequeath to Mrs. Lowry the bestseller *Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Hamlet; but Were Afraid to Ask*. I leave to Dr. Skena the critically acclaimed *The Gulf Coast Laboratory and Other Fairy Tales*. I leave to Miss Seidler a copy of Eric Fenichel's *The Agony and the Ecstasy of Spanish IV*. I leave to Mr. Drake an autographed copy of my book *I'm OK, You're Short*. Ultimately, I hope to leave MBA a wiser person than when I entered, but I doubt I will.

I, DAVID LYLE, being under duress to complete this testament before the wrath of penal will befalls my sound and heretofore healthy personage, do hereby leave the following property, income, chattel and/or privileges inclusive of and pertaining to the preceding account of said property, income, chattel and/or privileges: to Rob Daugherty one bald plate, miracle of the plastics age; to M. Michael Drake volumes (livers) 1 through 15 of *French Pronunciation: a Basic Guide and Thierry*; to rising seniors a preparatory practice in American Studies: Write me a brief essay detailing the origin of idealism in American foreign and domestic policies from 1500 AD to the present. Confine yourself to its social, political, economic, and religious aspects; to the class of 1985 my sincerest sympathies; to the MBA faculty my sincerest sympathies; to the memory of Mr. Francis E. Carter my deep thanks for his example in devoted, unselfish and fruitful commitment.

I, ANDREW EDWIN MASSEY, being of sound body and not mind at all, do hereby leave John Hollins and Galen Gentry a \$10 gift certificate from the JOB Company.

I, BILL MAYS, being of sound mind and body, since I do not plan to die, leave nothing to anyone.

I, GEORGE MCLAUGHLIN, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave my undefeated and scoreless season as a goal keeper to Rucker Betty, my ability to reach 4th gear at the top of the Hill to Rusty McDonald, my ability to stay awake on weekend nights to Murray Hatcher, and a copy of *Why All Seniors Should Have Privileges* to Dr. Crowell. Also, I leave all my awards for academic excellence to MBA.

I, SCOTT MERCY, do hereby leave the following: $\frac{1}{4}$ of S and S Custom Inc. to anyone that has Mr. Compton 1st period; another $\frac{1}{4}$ I will take to Colorado with me (the other $\frac{1}{2}$ belongs to Wood); my nine year age difference (with S.T.) to Barry Heller; all of my afternoons to Doug's; the body of a Bronco and the front end of a Cutlass to Joe Davis; all of my theme nights to the fog room; the Trails to anyone in the junior class who thinks he can handle it; my skiing ability (along with various other articles from the ski trip (including, last but not least, Wendy) to John "Larry Leisure" Hollins; and, finally, everything that might be found in my trunk to Hatcher and Gentry (for all puppies deserve at least one night out).

I, PRESTON ALLEN MORGAN, being of little mind and small body, do hereby leave the following: my ability to work on and my love of cars to Sambo Harwell; my ability to drive fast but not have wrecks to Joe Davis; my books to Rucker Betty; my dislike of M.F. to anybody that likes him; my strange desire to talk in the library to Mrs. Simmons; my place at the Trails to anyone that can find it; my ID to Harold DeBlanc; and finally my leave of MBA to go on to bigger and better things.

I, MICHAEL WESLEY MOYERS, do hereby bequeath to Mark Daniel one broken bottle from the Waylon Jennings concert; to Jim Tully one Krystal hamburger and a tour of the Belle Meade Police Station; to Garrett Fulton my social life; to Mr. Herring a year's supply of clothes from the 11th Hour Shop and a new job; to Joe Davis \$1000 credit with Ace Bonding Co.; to Jack Coombs my position as class pin cushion; and to Reed Swan, a dollar.

I, MARK NELSON, leave to Mr. Poston a request that he learn to tell the truth, to Mr. Herring a "disco" yell in 3rd period study hall, to the school the hope that Dr. Crowell doesn't get any more power to abuse, and leave MBA not soon enough.

I, TOM O'CONNOR, departing the hill for the last time, do leave peace, love, and harmony to Trey; a tweeter to Andy; my library seat to anyone who enjoys a 6th period buzz; dirt desert to art; my breath-holding ability to Tom; to Doc a Dick Tracy Good Guy badge and a luger so that he may discipline the world; to anyone who wants it a desire to be a little different; the class of '84 5 long yeras; and MBA for Auburn with a signed diploma.

I, JEFF ORR, leave a case of Budweiser to be drunk inbetween the practices of the first two - a day to Ricky Bowers and John Hollins, and several other items of such poor taste that they can't be printed to Adam Wieck, Dr. Crowell, Freddie Horton, and Mr. Smith.

I, JAMES ROY POTEET, do hereby leave John Hillins a picture of himself and Wendy (to keep up the tradition of skiing in the woods) and a cot at Doug's; I leave Joe Davis and Alex Mitchell a book on getting along with cops. To Rusty Mac, I leave the book *Whitfield Hamilton's Gourmet "Eat" Recipes*. To Mark Frost's little brother, Mark Peffen I leave the book *Coolness*. To Disco Warnock and The 3rd Period Disco Dan I leave a 4 weekend passes to the Met and a free date with Jo Linda. I also leave Art Hancock Wendys number. To Chris Whitson I leave my ditch-driving skills and my copies of *Field and Stream* to Mr. Bill C. Most of all I leave MBA with 100,000 dead brain cells and a delapidated body. FINALLY.

I, SCOTT RIEGLE, of sound and mind a crippled body, do hereby leave my love for crutches to Mr. Lenahan, to Pen Caldwell the back seat of my car in Alabama, to Nathan Phillips my career batting average, the book *How to Not Get Bored* to Sandy Barge, and to Chris Whitson a sexy body.

I, THOMAS ALLEN ROSE, having been of sound mind and body do leave my soccer practice attendance to Scott Glasgow, my enjoyment at Trails and Park to John Hollins, and my Honda Service Manual to Bob Calton.

I, JOHNNY RUSSELL, do hereby leave this advice to those concerned: Chris Hill, stay with Jerry Garcia and the group You and Govan lead the way for your classes next year. Murray Hatcher needs to be taught how not to puppy out before 12:00 on Friday nights. Freddie and Galen Gentry, keep the legend of Herby the Love going. George M. think you'll ever leave the Hill? Later—

I, KARL SCHNELLE, being very eager to move on down the road, do hereby leave to Dr. Fairbairn a green Honda 750 belt buckle; to Mrs. Lowry color-coded ditto sheets; to Mrs. LeQuire my entire collection of abstract art; to Whitfield Hamilton a better memory; to Art my sincere hope that a Saab Turbo comes his way; to Jim a book on how to sue older women; to Chuck his one empty bottle; to Tad and all the addicts the great mystic power of the eternal Vishanti and the seven winds of Raggadorr; to Adam the book *How to Escape from a Party in Ten Easy Steps*; to Howie my thanks for his assistance in my escape from "her"; and finally, I leave Mr. Drake and MBA for the freedom of graduate school.

I, RICK SEAY, being of enriched mind, wish to leave the following behind me: to Coach Owen, an easily operated paint machine; to Billy and Slick, a prayer that they can survive next year; to Dr. Gaffney, a course in high school journalism; to Mrs. Bowers and Mrs. Hollins, one half of *La Marsellaise* (secundo); and to the chorus, a hope that the tenors will not become an extinct race. Finally, I wish to express my sincerest appreciation and love to everyone who has made MBA the best place on earth for me.

I, WILL SENSING, being of sound mind and body.....

I, JIM SHAW, being of warped mind and weak body, leave "Babycakes" Hancock my great ability at running worse as the season progresses; to Matt Nicks I leave Tina and my other bathing beauties; to Chuckles, I leave the Louisville Honeys; I leave Mr. Drake and the Cross Country Team without anymore professional course cutters; to Kelly I leave all his "Goodlettsville Sweethearts"; to Mr. Niemeyer I leave a Cosmic Club in hopes that he can achieve an even greater knowledge of the Cosmos; I leave Spanish IV to anyone that wants it; to Mr. Pruitt I leave a bright orange wardrobe; to Scott Campbell I leave my wrestling ability in hopes that someday he might outwrestle Gina; and finally, I leave MBA with many thanks to all my teachers, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Carter for helping me realize my potential and for helping me become a better human being.

I, FLEMING WOOD SMITH, III, leave a book called *How to Get Unstuck from the Mud at 1:00 AM* to Jeff Robinson and Andy Gill because they need it, a lot of luck to next year's cheerleaders, and my partner Betsy Wallace to Harold DeBlanc if he can measure up. To Chris Whitson I leave my rube-head and to Tom Stumb a pair of handcuffs that he can wear on dates. Most of all I leave MBA to find out what the world is really like.

I, RICHARD SMITH, do hereby leave to Galen a ticket out because the rat patrol will nail you; to John Hollins my junior year in which I could have used his van; to all the seniors who didn't make it a bit of thanks for taking the pressure off so I could.

I, CRAIG STEWART, being of sound mind and injured body, do hereby leave to Ken Nichols a joke book; to Mike Anderson all of my inestimable knowledge of Track along with my hamstring with the hope that he will take better care of it than I have; to Art Hancock my membership in the B.B.B. and, to Chris Whitson, an honorary membership in French III complete with the benefit of competent sexual advice from Dr. "Momma" Hollins and a good college recommendation from Mr. Drake which will get him into any college in the world.

I, TOM STUMB, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to Mrs. Hollins, a wild, passionate, and exciting date with Bob Dale, complete with a couple of Michelob Lights and a good parking spot; to Harold DeBlanc my highly esteemed membership in the B.B.B. in the hopes that he will uphold its aggressive reputation in the eyes of Nashville girls everywhere; to Rusty McDonald my unusual tendency to have wrecks (especially with drunk

drivers) that are not in my capacity my fault; to Pen Cald-

well two cases of the beer of his choice with the hopes that it will last him at least one weekend; to Alex Mitchell five free disco lessons with an off-duty police officer; to Chris Whitson my somewhat questionable reputation as MBA biggest social lion; to Dr. Crowell a skillet for his head; to Mrs. Lowry a wish that she will teach forever at MBA so that every MBA senior will have the opportunity to benefit from her vast amount of wisdom, experience, and knowledge of human relations; and to MBA I leave with a part of me wanting to stay and another part of me wanting to go out and uphold its traditions and reputation at the collegiate level.

I, DAVID TEMPLETON, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave MBA hoping to retain my sound mind and body for further use. I leave to Miss Seidler all the respect that she feels she deserves. I leave to Mr. Poston my congratulations on getting me through Senior English. Finally, I leave to Mrs. Carter a great deal of appreciation and love.

I, DAVID THISTLETHWAITE, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath to Dr. Fairbairn a one piece suit and a copy of 1961 *Mating Positions* (for his chess games); to Dr. Skena an unused Biology field-trip journal; to Morris Lewis a vego-matic; to George Chei a space suit and helmet.

I, TERENCE B. THORNTON, do hereby leave my Zeppelin "memento" to Murray Hatcher; I leave the Hill on my own choice, being of insane mind and "messed up" body, to go on to browner pastures, to participate in all of those "kept quiet" activities which I did not do while on the Hill (of course, this does not leave much left); I leave Barry Heller my "hide-out" secrets and Chris Hill my Frisbee, which is one of the few things which kept me from going completely maniac; I leave Dr. Crowell and the demer-it system the 62 pencils used completely while writing off and the satisfaction of knowing I helped keep the MBA campus clean with my service on the grounds; and, finally, but not least, the guarantee to the rest of the students that the Trails were of great comfort to me in my times of need.

I, DANIEL CARLTON TODD, being of sound mind and body (with the exception of a case of perpetual dip-lip), leave to the following persons the following things: to Russell Regen I leave my universal status as a sex symbol; to Jimmy Griscorn I leave, sorry Jimmy, I've got to go; to Chris Whitson I leave the responsibility of organizing rumbles; to Ricky Bowers I leave my ability to main and dismember people with my toes; to Galen

Gentry I leave a high-altitude kite; to Dr. Crowell I leave a copy of *Crime and Punishment*; to David Pack I leave my book, *How to Build a 52-inch Bicep in 6 Days*; to George McLaughlin, whose diploma is not really

signed, I leave my Dean's List status; and finally, to Billy Rolfe and not to Chris Hannon do I leave my name Monk, which I like. I leave MBA and Mr. Bondurant with the best wishes, headed for UVA and hoping Alicia doesn't meet some guy in Knoxville.

I, TROY TURNER, leave to Jack Coombs the nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 so that he might be able to come up with several 7 digit phone numbers of women he may have luck with; to Mrs. Simmons a hearing aid with a dead battery to Mr. Owen a prosthetic smile and a vibra cushion to sit on during class; to Mr. Poston guns to stand up for himself in class; to Mrs. Hollins Rien, elle n'a pas besoin de rien; to Jim Edwards my humbleness.

I, WOODY TURNER, being of sound mind and short body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Whitfield Hamilton I leave a chicken sandwich and a keg of Campbell's new Chicken and Head Soup; to Jack Coombs I leave a crash helmet and a Jockville Decoder Ring; to Mark Smith I leave a friend to eat lunch with and a free trial membership to Loner's Anonymous; to Chris Whitson where were you Saturday night? I leave the key to Martha's back door; to Steve Howell I leave a cupcake; to Billy Rowland I leave some more hair; to Mrs. Seidler I leave my list of 14 million little known Spanish vocabulary words; and at last I leave MBA without looking back.

I, BOB WATSON, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the hill. I place my hat in the care of Nathan Phillips; my ideas to Sean Gentry; I, being a member of the Trails, do hereby leave the honor to doobie and friends; I leave a life-size poster of Mr. Poston to Chris Crow and puppet; another "do it again, Mr. Caldwell" from David Templeton to Mr. Caldwell. Later—

I, TAD THE NAD WERT, being filled with sounds in my mind and having a sound body, do hereby leave my excellent taste in punk rock music to Mr. Drake; my new book *How to Make a Fool of Yourself in the Station Inn* to Art Hancock; my uncanny knack for cutting the cross country course to Matt Nicks; my Dr. Strange comic book collection to Mr. Niemeyer and Mrs. Lowry because it's so cosmic; my attraction for cops while I'm parking to Doug Derryberry now that he has a girlfriend; my ability to make fun of Mr. Pruitt without getting

in trouble to Ken (Mr. Poland) Nichols; AP Chemistry to anyone who wants to take only three courses in their senior year; all the headaches from Kobe's to whoever is foolish enough to take the job; my prized map of Nashville's best parking spots (left to me by Ed Archer) to Anderson Spickard; and to Mr. Pruitt I leave a recyclable "au contraire".

I, JOHN BENNETT WHITE, Jr. do hereby, in the interest of literary promotion, leave the following scholars the following works: to Art Hancock *Tackling the Great North American Kodak Bear* by Marlin Perkins; to Joe Hymel *Bodybuilding Made Simple* by Arnold Schwarzenegger (whatever); to the sedentary Ken Nichols *How to Cope with Manic Depression* by the American Drug Council; and to Coach Herring the *Disco Break Almanac* by Mark Russell. I also leave my deepest appreciation to Mr. Drake for putting up with me for four years, and to Dr. "Easy Rider" Fairbairn for sticking with me for two.

I, STEVE WOOD, being of mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: 1/4 of S and S Custom—Inc., to Dr. Crowell and all his friends (1/4 is going with me to Auburn, and Mercy has taken care of the other half); my ability to skip athletics 7 consecutive seasons to John Hollins; my nack for writing "90" themes in one night in a cosmic state of mind to both Gentrys; my talent for high speed driving and wrecking nice, new cars to Joe Davis; some masculinity to Dave "Guy" Peterseim; several beer mugs to Mr. Gideon; and, finally, to next year's seniors, I leave the Trails, in hopes and expectations that it is forever cloudy there.

I, KELLY WOODROOF, being thoroughly insane and eternally confused, do hereby leave the following: to Bob Calton and Galen Gentry the Manchester KFC; to David Sherman my hair style, effective when the Marine Corps deems it necessary, and my new book *High Jumping Made Complex: the Art of Self Humiliation*; to the junior class, one wolf leash and 3 cans of coke for trips to UNC; to Lawson Fort, permission to forget striking out in a softball game; finally, I leave my gratitude to everyone who helped me make it through MBA.

I, JEFF ZAGER, leave to W-1 and S-19 the sounds of a well-blown nose; to Joe Calvin my front-row seat in Mrs. Hollins' French III class; to Dr. Gaffney and Mrs. Hollins two free bag lunches (drinks not included); to George Cate the French IV Loveliss Phedre, Agnes, and Daisies; to Josh May the memories of "Scroldo" and "Burl"; to Mr. Drake a gift certificate at the Nashville Glass Co.; to Mr. Edwards two bottles of his favorite French wine to be consumed while listening to French Jazz; to MBA six of the most meaningful years of my life.

Freshman Pentathalon and High School Octathalon



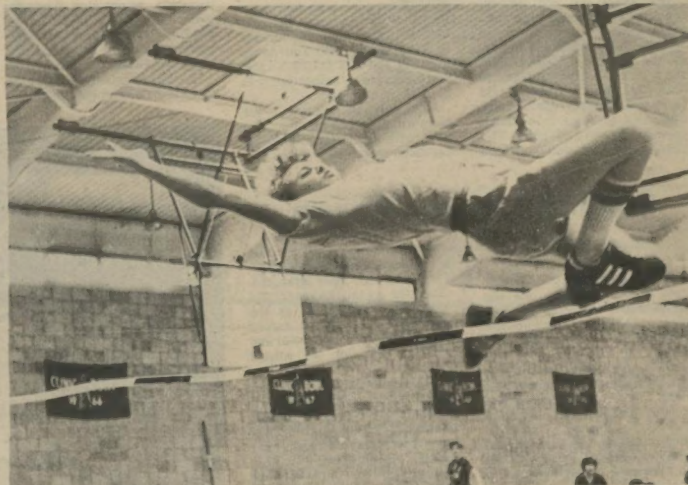
Tom Wood tries his athletic skill in the Freshman Pentathalon's high jumping contest.

B. Galloway



Danny Todd shows excellent hurdling form in the Octathalon.

B. Galloway



Alex Grimsley displays high jumping prowess in Freshman Pentathalon action.

MBA 1979 Golf Team Enjoys Successful Season

By Tom Wood

The 1979 MBA Golf Team enjoyed a successful year, compiling a record of 12-4-2 in dual meets and capturing the District 11 championship. The team had an 8-1-1 record in play. Led by Sophomore David Ingram, the Big Red scored at least 6 out of 7 possible points in 5 of the 10

matches, twice whitewashing their opponents by scores of 7-0. Ingram led the team with an average of 37.25 strokes per nine holes, followed by John Haley with 39.0; Don Fairbairn with 39.125; David Williamson with 40.0; and Wes Roberts with 40.57. Each player turned in several outstanding performances. The

team opened with a convincing win over Giles County as Don Fairbairn and David Ingram each posted scores of 79 for 18 holes. The Big Red later participated in the Hubert Green Prep Classic in Chattanooga, placing 9th of 25 teams. Fairbairn's 36 led the MBA squad to a 6-1 win over Nashville Christian, and Ingram

shot 75 the next day in a losing cause to a fine Dickson County team. David Williamson boosted the Big Red to a victory over with a 76, and Ingram's 76 propelled the foursome to first place in the MBA Invitational. Ingram saved his best performance of the year for the District Tournament, mastering Mc

Cabe's 18 holes for an even par 72 to wrap up another District Golf Championship for Coach Don Fairbairn's squad. After a 3rd place finish in the Regional Tournament for the sophomore dominated team, with every team member returning, prospects are brilliant for a State Championship next year.



Varsity Track Has Successful Season

By Tad Wert

The MBA Varsity track team had a very successful season. It started the season with a 4-2 record in dual meets.

The first big meet of the year was the Baylor Relays in Chattanooga. Russ Freeman placed 4th in the discus, while Doug Derryberry placed 4th in the triple jump. In the running events, MBA garnered 5th in the hurdles shuttle relay, 3rd in the two-mile relay, 5th in the distance medley, 4th in the shot-putter's relay, and 3rd in the mile relay.

Next were the Optimist Relays. Once again, the Big Red made a strong showing, with Freeman

capturing 3rd in the discus, Bennett White placing 5th in the mile, Erich Groos placing 5th in the 880, and the mile relay team placing 5th. The two-mile relay team of Derryberry, Bruce Campbell, Tad Wert, and Groos took 3rd place and set a new school record of 8:05.5.

In the Banner Relays, Trey Alford won 4th place in the pole vault, and David Sherman took 5th place in the high jump. The two-mile relay team avenged its Optimist loss to Maplewood by beating them soundly and taking 1st place. MBA's strength in the distance events was shown by White's 4th place in the mile, Anderson Spickard's 5th in the two-mile, and Groos' and Wert's 1st and 5th in the 880.

The team's finest performance this year, though, came in the District meet. The Big Red swept the discus, with Freeman, Damon Anagnos, and Owen Lipscomb place 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Derryberry took 2nd in the high jump, and Alford took 4th in the pole vault. Craig Stewart, running for the first time in a month because of a leg injury, captured 1st place in the 440. Groos took 2nd in the 880, the mile relay team of Calton, Anderson, Derryberry, and Whitson placed 2nd, and the two-mile relay team won 1st place. The upset of the evening was a 1st place from the 880-relay team of Bob Calton, Derryberry, Mike Anderson, and Galen Gentry. As a result of these performances, MBA took 2nd place in the overall standings. All

these members of the team go on to the Regional meet.

One thing different about this season was the team's trip down to the Florida Relays. Eight runners and two coaches went to compete in the two-mile relay, the four-mile relay, and the mile relay. It is hoped that this will become an annual trip.

Next year's prospects look good. Under the continued coaching of Mr. Drake and Mr. Pruitt, the Big Red should be strong in the pole vault, long jump and high jump as well as the discus and shot. The loss of seniors from the mile, 880, and two-mile relay may hurt at first, but many sophomores and juniors got good experience running these events during the dual meets.

Final Riflery Results

By Tim Ayres

The MBA rifle team, composed of Bill Herbert, Tim Ayers, Ashley Hill, and Steve Stevens, had a very successful season this year. The team was able to take first place in all of the Youth Incorporated matches, primarily because of the excellent coaching of James Stevens, Rip Sulton, and Emmons Woolwine.

Tim Ayers and Bill Herbert consistently achieved high individual awards in each match. In addition to the scheduled matches, the regular four-man team and a second team, composed of Andy Gill, Tom Higgins, David Ingram, and Trey McPherson, were able to shoot in a match sponsored by Vanderbilt. The MBA team shot well and took

first place in this match, soundly defeating the opposition, including Vanderbilt's rifle team. Tim Ayers and Bill Herbert again took individual awards in this match.

The final and most important match of the season was the National Rifle Association Junior Sectional. Held at Vanderbilt, this match draws competition from all over the mid-south. The MBA team took high honors in the scholastic division (the scholastic division does not include ROTC schools), with Tim Ayers and Bill Herbert taking second and fourth place, respectively, in the individual match.

Since only one member of the team will graduate this year, the MBA rifle team should have an excellent season next year.

Tennis Finishes Good Season

By Robert Jones

Under the leadership of senior co-captains David Templeton and Ross Evans and the direction of Mr. Poston, the varsity tennis team completed another outstanding season. Undeclared in NIL play, the Big Red finished with an impressive 16-2 record; the only two losses were to the perennial powers of Chattanooga, Baylor and McCallie. The team recorded impressive victories over many teams, including defending state champion MUS, powerful Brentwood Academy, and rival BGA.

The tennis squad participated in several tournaments again this

year. In the Rotary Invitational Tennis Tournament held in Chattanooga, the team captured a strong third place finish, as each of the top four, David Templeton, Ross Evans, Harold DeBlanc, and Danny DeBlanc advanced through the semifinals. In the Fourth Annual Francis E. Carter, Jr. Memorial Invitational Tournament held at MBA, the host team was overwhelming as they won all but one division in winning the event.

MBA sent four players to the district 12 tournament: Templeton, H. DeBlanc, Evans, and Murray Hatcher. In semifinal

action, H. DeBlanc defeated Evans 7-5, 6-3, while Templeton won a relatively easy match. In the finals, Templeton downed DeBlanc 6-2, 6-1 to win the tournament. Having reached the semis, Templeton, DeBlanc, and Evans all advanced to the Regional Tournament, hosted by MBA May 16-19.

During the third week in May, Evans, Templeton, and DeBlanc advanced to the regional finals. Unfortunately, Templeton and Evans were knocked out of competition although DeBlanc did advance to state finals. MBA, however, placed third in the regions, a good standing for the team.



Baseball Ends Season

By Tim Warnock

Having lost only four starters from last year's team, the Big Red entered the 1979 baseball season hoping to defend the TSSAA state championship title which they won last year.

The season opener arrived on March 28 with a game against the Pearl Tigers, whom the Big Red soundly defeated by a score of 10-5. Then, after trouncing Hillsboro 20-1, the Big Red battled with Antioch to an eventual 2-2 tie in a game called because of darkness.

All good things must eventually come to an end, and MBA's winning streak was no exception. After tying Antioch, the Big Red dropped its first game since last season to a powerful and extremely lucky Overton club. Then, after bouncing back with a

9-7 victory over Cohn, the Big Red comeback was stopped short at the hands of Father Ryan, 6-4.

Rallying again, however, the Big Red proved itself, as the team beat Glencliff 2-1 before obliterating both Pearl (13-0) and Hillsboro (10-0) for the second time.

Throughout the year the team hit consistently well, led by Kevin Holland, who had a batting average of .500plus. Andy Massey and Junior Ricky Bowers provided the pitching impetus, but Nathan Phillips and Richard Smith were always more than prepared to come in as relief pitchers. The team ended its season with an overall record of 10-4-11.



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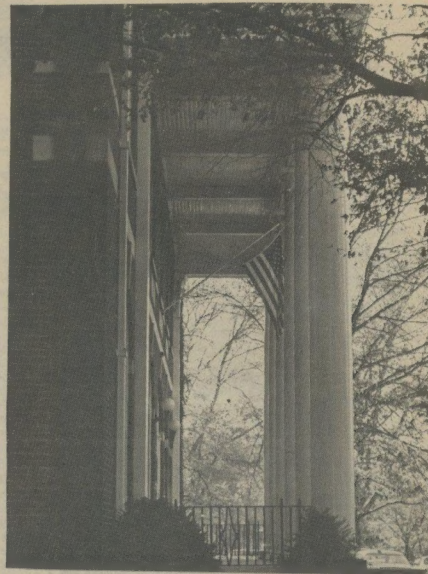
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Answer to the picture puzzle on page 5 — the casement window on the back side of the Ball Building.



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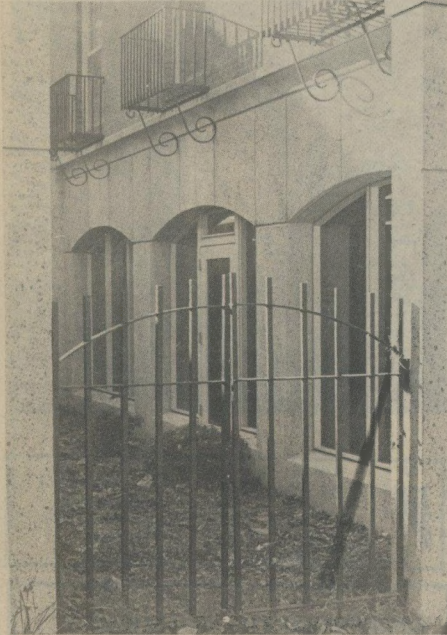
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